

THE ADAMS FAMILY

ISSUE 24 ... SHARP SUITED ... OCT/NOV '96 ... ONLY 60p

SOUVENIR EDITION
Free Alan Smith
commemorative
poster inside

SMITH'S OUT

IT'S BACK TO THE
GOOD OLD DAY'S

Wanderers in the
FREE PRESS



WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

The **ADAMS FAMILY**

P.O BOX 394, HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS, HP13 6HT
E-mail address - ad088@mdx.ac.uk

Welcome to issue 24 of The Adams Family. We've had plenty to write about for this issue. I wish Alan Smith hadn't been sacked quite so near to our deadline date as I had to bin all my articles calling for his head.

However all is not lost. To mark the end of this short era for the club we are giving all you lucky readers a completely free poster celebrating Alan Smith's achievements. Simply attach a pea sized amount of Blue Tack to each corner and stick it on the wall of your choice.

Our message to the club is Bring On Cyrille. We want him as manager and we hope the club do too. When we interviewed him in issue 16 we found him to be a great ambassador for the club, who seemed ripe for management.

We hope you enjoy this issue which has, as usual, cost us a lot of blood sweat and tears. Hope it was worth the effort. If any of you own a pen and some paper or one of those fancy E-mail accounts we would love to hear from you. All articles, photos or letters will be gratefully received.

THE ADAMS FAMILY

CONTRIBUTORS: Dave Chapman, Jon Dickinson, Neil Peters, Andy Dickinson, Doug Peters.

LIFE PRESIDENT: The Rev. Floyd Foreman + Alan Smith (nah!)

AVAILABLE FROM: Wycombe Wines, Crendon St. High Wycombe; Scorpion Records, Oxford Road, High Wycombe; Programme Hut, Adams Park, High Wycombe; & Sportspages, Charing X Road, London.

THANK YOU: Bucks Free Press for piccy's & Catford Copy Centre (0181-695 0101) for printing

Saturday 28th September 1996
3.35pm, London Road, Peterborough -
Scoreline Peterboro' 1 Wycombe 3
*"It's this sort of result that totally vindicates
coming to this match!"*

4.50pm, London Road, Peterborough -
Scoreline Peterboro' 6 Wycombe 3
"Smith Out, Smith Out, Smith OUT"

terrace tattle

'He's on the dole, he's on the dole, he's on it, Smithy's on the dole.' Waheey, I can tell you there were a few chorus' of that little tune up in my manor on September 30th 1996, I've not been so chuffed regarding Wycombe Wanderers since Alan Smith was confirmed as manager of the club! But of course that's a lie because we all ganged up against the poor little lamb since day one, solely mind, because he had a Jaguar and we all had tractors, Robin reliant's or Thundersley Inva-cars.

Naturally we all thought he was a bit shifty as well, 'cos he was from the big smoke. You can't trust those fly Cockernee geezers can you? They sure know how to take care of themselves, 'cos it's hard living in the London slums of Surrey.

Another reason we all shouted on his appointment, 'Go away you strange alien like individual', was the fact that we knew that he didn't come from Wycombe. Oh yes, we don't like strangers round here a coming in and a stealing our women, cider and haystacks. If you aren't born within a five mile radius of The Wycombe Chair Museum, you'll never be accepted - just ask that shady Irish bloke who was here before.

Yes, Alan Smith has been prostituting himself around all areas of the media world that loves him, spouting forth unchallenged about how evil we all are. They in turn have fawned and cannot understand why, to quote 'London Tonight' presenter Nick Clark, 'One of the real nice-guys of football', has been relieved of his duties. It begs the question: why are the national press are so star-struck when it comes to Alan Smith?

ONE : He always gives them a quote even when his teams lose

TWO : He talks a great game

THREE : He's a lovely man (i.e. he gets the beers in)

FOUR : They don't have to watch the footballing arse his teams churn out every sodding week

I think it's the fourth one that really shows the difference between the fans and the national media. Let us not forget that most of us, from the board of directors downward, thought that Smith and Kemp were some sort of re-incarnation of the Clough / Taylor partnership. In truth they were more like kids TV stars The Chuckle Brothers - the partnership promises so much, but the output is nothing short of b***ocks.

Do you remember, chalk hearts melting on... er, sorry, that period before Smith was crowned king? If you do you'll probably have to admit that you were gagging for Smith - the urge was irresistible, with Claire Nash at the BFP almost single handedly landing the job for the man himself with a fantastic piece of press hype. What I'm saying is that nearly all of us were fooled by the silvery tongue of Alan Smith - Terry Howard put it best when he said that Smith should have been a politician rather than a football manager.

I just hope that we've all learned something from this saga - let us consign 95% of the Alan Smith experience to the Trash Can it belongs in, retaining 5% so we won't get fooled again.

So who's going to be the new boss then? The unfortunate thing about TAF going to the printers on the Monday before becoming available to the masses, is that things often develop in that publishing equivalent of the Bermuda triangle. Therefore here on Sunday morning (in good spirits having seen Damon Hill clinch the F1 title) I could slag of the merits of Chris Waddle becoming the manager, only to find that next by next week he's been installed as boss and is refusing us a celebrity interview - see what I mean? Oh sod it, I'll slag him off anyway.

If there's one man I don't want to see round here it's a badly coiffured, penalty missing, former sausage meat packer taking charge of the club. You just know that the second an offer came in from somewhere else he'd be running Mark McGhee style towards that pot of gold. Remember Chris Waddle was one of the first players to admit he'd like to exploit the Bosman ruling, to me that shows a man who knows nothing about loyalty.

Also the fact he won't apply for the job marks him out as a prize egotist, and Mr Beeks is quite right to make wary comments about these sort of people. Ray Wilkins can just about be excused as he does have some (pretty ropy) managerial experience, but Waddle has no greater credentials than Neil Webb (other than Waddle's haircuts have improved pro-rata as Webb's have declined). Webb, bless him, has applied - Waddle thinks he's a star, which sends a pretty clear message out to me and I hope to others.

So who do I hope it will be? Well unlike most others I'm not busting a gut for Ray Wilkins return. I thought he was a luxury player against Luton, pitched in by a desperate manager trying to deflect attention away from himself. In short I think Ray would want to play for Wycombe, indeed may even be pressured to play by dewy eyed romantics like Alan Hutchinson, and I don't think that's what we need.

In an ideal world Neil Smillie and Terry Evans would be allowed to continue. Even though defeat was encountered at Bournemouth yesterday,

the cavalier second half performance complete with clever tactical switches, was appreciated by all. The commitment was superb all round, and everyone looked to be enjoying themselves (except Paul McCarthy who seems to be having a mini crisis at the moment - the pressure of the Howard fan club getting to him perhaps?).

But really, Wycombe need a star, and they don't come much bigger than a partnership of Cyrille Regis and Simon Garner. Who knows if the Godfather has applied? Would they even care to work together? I don't know. Either of these two would put a thousand on the gate, who knows how many the partnership would generate. The board took a risk with O'Neill, they should risk it with one or both of these two. One thing is assured, the supporters of Wycombe Wanderers would never turn on either of them in the manner they turned against Alan Smith, the poor little cockney that nobody loved.

It's time for me to clear off now and leave you to read the rest of the rag. However one just has to salute the skills of Steve McGavin, who has returned with aplomb to the side. I feel a tad smug about this, having never wavered in my views on the Mack's value to the frontline. Yes he didn't score enough, but he set plenty up for others - I'm sure most strikers would prefer to link up with him than either Desouza or Williams. Stay in there doing the biz McPasty boy!

Getting Your 'AS'(s) Kicked

How easy it would be of us to slag off Alan Smith's reign at Adams Park (now he's gone) as a pitiful display of despotic management and shoddy tactics, the likes of which we hope never to see at the club again. Yes, that does indeed sound easy and we're never ones to take the difficult, more challenging option so prepare yourselves for a full-on character assassination and bitter castigation of the man.

Nah - we're joking of course - Alan Smith was for most people simply not the right man for the job. Some of us at TAF were never 100% convinced that the club had made the right choice in the first place with Smith (easy to say in hindsight), as his track record in management was far from impressive - he left a relegated Palace *before* they could sack him, and Wycombe were all too easily convinced by his 'professional' manner and PR-friendly demeanour. If we're going to get personal,

though, it would be unfair to cast Alan as the demonic smarm-monger that some have suggested - if you actually spoke to the guy, he was a pleasant enough bloke, who *did* care about the club and its fortunes (despite what many have suggested), however, several factors ganged up against him to bring his downfall.

While many are suggesting that Glenn Hoddle might just be the 'lucky manager' that England needs, Alan Smith was certainly the opposite for Wycombe. He brought some of it on himself, that much needs to be said. Whilst never admitting it, Smith had obviously instructed the players to play 'his way' (whatever that was!) - despite having one of the largest and lushest pitches in the country, the message seemed to read: get the ball down to the front pair as quickly as possible. While Desouza and Williams are certainly quick, neither of them are particularly powerful in the air, and by continuing to play with wingers, there simply weren't enough bodies in the middle of the park to pick up the loose pieces - we were continually losing the ball and in so doing putting more pressure on our own defence.

Smith often complained about the 'undercurrent of bad feeling' within the club against him, and much of this is really a legacy of the recent success Wycombe have achieved. By this, I mean that when O'Neill joined, we were an average Conference team playing before crowds of 1,500. By the time Smith had arrived, attendances had shot up by 300%, so there were over 4,000 *new* punters who had only known success, lots of goals and exciting football under O'Neill. Smith's approach was altogether different - the defence was shored up, and goals became an increasingly sparse phenomenon under his regime. Again, this wasn't an altogether bad strategy, but the football was so dismal to view, that people began to stay away. It is poor football coupled with poor results that led to Smith's departure - if had remedied *either* of these, his tenure would certainly have been extended.

The final nail in his 6ft box, was AS's relationship with the players. He and the players both admitted his style of management was different to MO'N's, but the way he treated certain players who didn't concur with his views seemed to the outsider

childish and petty, and were certainly reminiscent of similar incidents at Palace, according to people in the know. A capable soccer coach he may (still) be, but doubts certainly exist (to put it kindly) over his man-management skills. The Terry Howard and Simon Garner free transfers alienated him yet further from loyal Wycombe fans. We simply weren't given any explanation as to why Wycombe's most capable defender of recent seasons was shown the door, and the embarrassing excuse of Garner being 'too old - I want to bring in some younger players', was no excuse at all, if we're being honest. Fair enough to bring in the youth, but what do we do for goals in the meantime, while they're finding their feet?

So Alan has gone off to 'reflect' and decide what to do with 15 months of not inconsiderable managerial salary from Wycombe. Here's hoping the club make the right decision for *everybody* next time, and that Smith joins the coaching staff at OUFC - yuk, yuk!!

Go on lad...



Have A Moan

BLUES PROPAGANDA

In a recent issue of Blues News Graham Peart wrote an article which reeked of pomposity. He was complaining about a letter someone had written to the programme. It wasn't printed so a copy was sent to the Bucks Free Press letters page. The reason Mr. Peart gave for it not being printed was because the writer had not provided their name. I suspect the real reason was because it was criticizing the club's performance over the previous season. If we ever received such a letter slating this fanzine (heaven forbid) we wouldn't print it either. Who would?

What I found unbelievable, not to mention Perrier Award winningly funny, about Mr. Peart's article was the fact that he claimed not providing your name was using the same tactics as terrorists use! I can just see Colonel Gadaffi holding a briefing with his military commanders and saying "Look lads, bombing aeroplanes just doesn't work any more. I have a new idea. Let's write nasty letters to local newspapers and not sign our names. That will bring those spineless dogs in the west to their knees."

The Blue Bard never revealed his/her true identity. Could it be that Wycombe's very own Pam Ayres is a member of an IRA cell. Is it in fact mere coincidence that the Blue Bard's disappearance has coincided with IRA bomb squad activity in recent months? Or is it just that the cretin's poems were so odious the author kept their identity secret for personal safety. Maybe only MI5 will ever know the truth.

In the mean time Mr. Peart, if someone writes a possibly unfair letter in the local paper can't you just have the grace to ignore it. Everyone has the right to an opinion.

The name and address of the author of this article has been withheld at his request.

MORE ANTI-APPLE FEELING

I wish Adams Park was a woman. There is one simple reason for this, a woman doesn't have an Adams Apple.

Association Football has lasted over 120 years without a bunch of brass

blowing buffoons so why someone thought we needed a band at Wycombe is beyond me.

I pay £8.00 for the dubious pleasure of watching the Blues play, not to hear some goon playing the Floral Dance. What relevance has that got to football? I'll tell you, none. Also, having a band playing "The March Of Aida" (although Adams Apple play "The Incredibly Slow March Of Aida") doesn't turn Wycombe into Holland.

I know the Brazilians have their samba bands and all manner of dodgy brass bands appeared at Euro '96. However, these are generally played in front of 40,000 plus crowds at international matches and add to an already noisy atmosphere. All Adams Apple do playing in front of 4,000 do is destroy any natural atmosphere there may already be.

You may be wondering who am I to level such criticism at well meaning musicians. Well in my youth I'm proud to say I was solo bugler in a Boys Brigade band and also played the trumpet at school to a decent level. On top of that I'm a huge fan of the great Louis Armstrong so I know a good bit of horn playing when I hear it and I haven't heard it at Adams Park.

What really grates is the way they try to "Jazz it up" but only succeed in sounding completely camp. I tell you, when Millwall come to Wycombe and their fans see Bluey the Swan and then hear Adams Apple they will kick the living crap of every last one of us.

Someone should tell their conductor (if they have one) that they are supposed to be whipping the crowd into a frenzy, not playing at a Soviet state funeral. Every tune they play is such a dirge. To quote the great Satchmo "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing". Believe me Adams Apple ain't got it.

Maybe I'm being a little unfair. Adams Park does sometimes need something to get the crowd going (exciting football usually does the trick). However, at the recent Notts. County game they didn't shut up for one minute of the ninety. I was willing Jason Cousins to plant a hefty clearance right into the middle of them.

I dare say they get into the game for free (on second thoughts I can't imagine the club letting anyone in for free) but I don't. I have to pay and I don't want to listen to them. If I wanted to hear a brass band I would move to Yorkshire or join the Sally Army.

Until they sort their act out I urge every music lover in the upper tier of the stand to pelt them with chewing gum until some goes down the bell of their instruments.

Adams Apple you really are hard to swallow.

Return Of The Mack



The Pasty fights back

The Mack has well and truly returned - yes, Steve McGavin is back and he's hungry. McGavin has suffered a fair bit of stick in this fanzine but all is forgiven, after all his recent performances have been brilliant, and has looked like scoring every time he's had the ball in the last two games at home. I'm so glad he has asked to come off the transfer list because if he keeps playing like he has been I can see us climbing the table; Miguel Desouza has had a poor start to the season and John Williams hasn't been playing to his best. We were having real problems finding goals or creating chances but Steve McGavin makes a lot happen. He always makes himself available and is excellent on the ball, holding it up really well under pressure, and showing good vision.

He was so unlucky not to get a deserved hat-trick against Rotherham - it was such a shame his header was off-side, as that was the best finish of the lot. That game was his best performance in a Wycombe shirt, for once everything he did paid off, and we looked so exciting going forward.

McGavin really did have a bad season last year. He just couldn't score and often never looked likely to. Despite always giving his all and working very hard, his lack of goals meant that this just wasn't enough. Towards the end of last season he did start playing a lot better and I was disappointed not to see him picked at the beginning of the season. He's another player who has mentioned he didn't like working with Alan Smith, but since Smith's sacking he has shone. I always stuck up for him last season and even promised I would run naked across the pitch if he scored: honest, I did believe in him, but I was also pretty confident Adams Park wouldn't be subjected to the sight of me in the buff!

It was great to see the reception Steve got up at Forest when he was warming up - I suspect some of the chanting was just to piss off Smith - but he is a popular player. It must have given him a confidence boost as he oozes the stuff at the moment. If he can get a good relationship working with Desouza or Williams we could tear some sides apart at the back, with their pace and his vision we could be a joy to watch.

£140,000 seemed a lot to have spent on Steve last year, but his current form justifies that cost - let's hope he can keep it up. It is always so frustrating when a player you know can deliver just can't seem to do it and frustration was what I felt regarding the man last season. However, for the time being at least, it looks like nothing can stop him. With Brown and Patterson back in the centre of midfield I can't see us having any problems in staying up. I believe the defence will be good enough and, with McGavin back, I think we can now create and put away a lot more chances. This may not be our greatest season but I'm confident we can now finish in a comfortable place, a good run in this division can soon bring the top spots into view, just look at Oxford and Brentford's positions this time last year. Of course that may not happen but we can only improve and I believe we will. Steve McGavin could play a major roll in this campaign and I for one would be delighted if he picked up the Player Of The Season Award. Come on Stevie boy, and we promise no more McPasty gags.

ASHAMED

To support the Wanderers

Crikey don't tell the Wycombe Star about this revelation or I'll never be able to enter their super-~~stiff~~ fan competition. Talking of which that contest was a complete farce, as we all know that the one and only superfan of WWFC is a steward who shares a namesake with a prominent first division football manager. Anyway back to the article which looks at the times when I can put my hand on my heart and say "I am ashamed to support this club". Here follows the definitive top five listing, which is of course open to debate. Wing your letters into the usual address.

1. Sep 87 - Wycombe 0 Barnet 7

Well what can you say about this shocking debacle. Wycombe fans started the 87 season full of hope after the momentous happenings a few months previous when the blues conquered the VOL with ease. This hope was soon shattered with the arrival of manager Peter Suddaby, a manager perhaps even more unpopular than Alan Smith. What's more Wycombe's guru Noel Ashford had gone and dodderly old veteran Alan Mayes had come in. The build up to this game hadn't been good either as days earlier Wycombe had lost 2-0 to Aylesbury in the FA Cup.

And so the shame commenced... With a back four of Day, Burgess, Gray and Barrett we were always going to be in trouble and sure enough come the second half goals were flying in from all angles, most of them from the boots of soon-to-be-Wanderer Nicky "Judas" Evans. After the 6th goal went in I witnessed one of the strangest things I've ever seen. So ashamed were many of the Wycombe fans to see their team play so poorly that they left the Gasworks end and went to join the Barnet fans chanting "we want seven". It was fan power at its greatest and a few months later they were finally able to celebrate when the hapless Suddaby was out on his ear.

2. Jan 1990 - Wycombe 1 Metropolitan Police 3

It's hard to believe that this fiasco occurred a mere six years ago and fans and club officials still often use it as a benchmark for the progress that Wycombe have made since. It was the turning point for Wycombe Wanderers as it saw the end of Jim Kelman and the start of the bright new O'Neill era, but at the time it was probably one of the most dire times to be supporting Wycombe. Throughout the 90 minutes we were slaughtered by a bunch of part-time rozzers and I wonder how many of the 1600 supporters owned up to being Wycombe fans on the Monday morning?

3. Parry & Billy - Altrincham (H) 1991, 1993

What must Altrincham fans think of Wycombe Wanderers? Coming down to see their team in the semi-finals of the FA Trophy in 1991 they witnessed a certain Mr Parry reaching Hitler-like proportions as he rambled around the pitch spitting and raving as he spouted forth Wycombe propaganda to the bemused masses. "Let me hear you Wycombe, I said LET ME HEAR YOU" he wailed - the P.A. system seemingly never recovering from his verbal assault. That was until two years later in the championship winning game against Altrincham when Elvis impersonator Billy Gallagher aka Bonqua sang an appalling ditty about Wycombe Wanderers coming to win division Three. He proceeded to turn what was a good party atmosphere into one of total despondency - Wycombe went on to lose 2-0. To all Altrincham fans I offer you a belated apology - On both days I was ashamed to support Wycombe Wanderers.

4. September 1996 - Peterborough 6 Wycombe 3

As the harrowing display against the Met Police saw the end of Kelman, this performance saw the end of the odious twins Smith & Kemp. The strange thing was that the game started superbly with Wycombe 3-1 up due to some clinical finishing by Mahoney-Johnson. However within minutes of the half-time break, some appalling defending and the sight of Brian Parkin flapping about more than an incontinent ostrich saw "The Posh" score two and level. The second half then descended into farce, with even the likes of Dave Carroll setting up the opposition for simple tap-ins. Smith was on the end of some of the most vitriolic abuse ever heard on the terraces, and rightly so. This was an afternoon of humiliation and Wycombe were made to look the laughing stock of the league.

5. Bluey the Swan/Adams Apple

I can only think of the above three games when I've really disowned myself from the Blues. However I think it should be mentioned that at every home game I am ashamed to see that bloated swan still galavanting around the pitch. Where it once used to give out freebies for the kids, it now serves no purpose whatsoever apart from perhaps being some perverse punishment to the poor sod inside. Who knows - maybe that's where Jason Rowbotham has disappeared to. He was so crap last season that Beeks ordered him to spend a season as "Bluey". Perhaps he takes it in turn to share the honours with Brian McGorry. I realise that knocking Bluey is "old hat"....but you can not hide the facts, which are that this swan is debasing the good name of the club.

Further embarrassment and scorn is brought about by club band Adams Apple who have turned Adams Park into a Poor mans Salvation Army convention. I'm all for the odd drum and trumpet, but a group of 20+ rookies farting into brass instruments is starting to drive me insane. By all means let them do their bit before the game, at half-time and afterwards, but not during the game. I have it on good authority that Gillingham chairman Paul Scully thought that the band were a "total disgrace" and I couldn't agree more.

The Diary

I must commence this diary with a mention of our good footballing friends at Dorchester Town. You may recall that we tipped this non-league outfit to storm into the Conference this season. However as they currently sit in the bottom four of the Dr Martens Premier, perhaps we were a bit hasty. One good bit of news however: Part-time window cleaner Paul Thorpe - who makes Terry Evans look like Kate Moss - has hit the net on two occasions having been brought out of retirement.

LOO ROLL...

Coming back to Wycombe - and it's good to see that the BFP has a new reporter in Dave Peters. The coverage had started to get a little dodgy in recent weeks so it was good to see pages filled with genuine info. Keep it up sir. Of course we can't have it all when it comes to Wycombe coverage - check out this excerpt from "The Leader", one of the worst free-rags in the history of the printing trade. They even backed this up with reference to 'Alan' in the picture caption.

SO it's two out of two for smiling Neil Smillie. The Blues caretaker manager could hardly have wished for a better start.

Striker Alan McGavin scored the only goal of the game, his third in the two matches since Alan Smith departed.

ONION BATTY...

Fine though the new Servispak Stand may be, it doesn't yet have a full fire safety certificate (1), which means deep fried food is a no-no for the time being. Your arteries will be thankful, but please pity one poor chap at the Notts Co game, who suffered an extreme case of Tea-Bar Rage, when told onions were not on the menu with his burger. "Well, get that bloke to cook some then," he demanded, pointing to some greasy herbert mopping the floor. "No, we don't have any onions to cook, Sir," replied the chap at the till. "Well, he's not doing anything constructive - send him out to buy some!!!" splutters Mr. Angry-Consumer, becoming ruddier by the minute. He's probably spontaneously combusted by now with fury.

DIRE REAR...

All this verbal rage was in contrast to a severe case of "Bott-rage" which was the ailment dished out to one TAF scribe after he downed a pint of Labatts at the recent Nottingham Forest away leg. Labatts, being sponsors of the aforementioned premier league outfit, promised in the programme that you would find yourself supping "one of the finest beers in the world". However this poor chap found himself straddled on the throne for most of the second-half with his ass in turmoil. Forget this fancy Canadian beer and give me that true English footy classic "Harp" any day of the week.

HOGWASH...

Getting back to the serious business i.e. the sacking of Alan Smith, it was interesting to see Alan claiming that his "flash motor" was vandalised by the Wycombe fans. What a load of crap. I'd wager that the damage was no more the result of one of his training sessions, which as we well know probably involved much punting and hoofing - hence the inevitable vehicle damage. Equally risible was a discussion on Talk Radio about the sacking of managers. One punter phoned up and stated that Wycombe fans were a disgrace and that it was a simple fact that the Wycombe players were too unintelligent to play Alan's "tactical game". Yeah, sure, like Alan Shearer's got a PhD and an IQ of 143, you dozy wazok.

LOST & FOUND?

Two questions: When exactly are the highly touted video screens set to materialise in the new stand, which queuing fans (what, to get in at Wycombe - sorry, wrong club) would be able to see whilst awaiting purchase of grub, ale or bet placing? They're obviously high-tech 'virtual' screens, i.e. they don't exist in reality. Second question, where the flying Aunt Maud is that lively right-back of ours, Jason 'Lucan' Rowbotham. Has he been seen at the Club by **anyone** in recent history, or perhaps we all dreamt his existence in a cosmic poly-hallucinogenic experience last season - in other words, we'd all dropped off 'en masse' watching Smith-ball. Jase - get in touch - your mother's getting rather concerned

ROBED & DIS-ROBED...

Final diary mention goes to ex-Wanderers Stapes and West who have been spotted hitting the net frequently for Slug Town as they ride high in the GMVC. Now of course a few years ago we would have called them saddoes and traitors for joining The Rebels, but now we just wish them all the best. Slough...local rivals? More like Wycombe Old Boys F.C.

Other "old boys" spotted around the ground recently have been Gary Smith, Martin Blackler and season-ticket holders Paul Hyde and Keith Scott. Keith is regularly seen swanning around in his cashmere coat, Farrah slacks and Nuttall-esque slip-ons, whilst a waif-like Hydey seems to favour the Mr Byrite look - casual cardies, snow-washed jeans and Giorgio polo shirts. Do we *really* want these guys back at the club? Still their shame is nothing compared to that of Mig Desouza, who was photographed by our intrepid private-eye who snapped the pacy striker (in poor disguise) ogling after French Maids outfits in that most favoured of Wycombe players' shops, "Feathers" in Desborough Road. The evidence is pretty incriminating, I'm sure you'll agree.

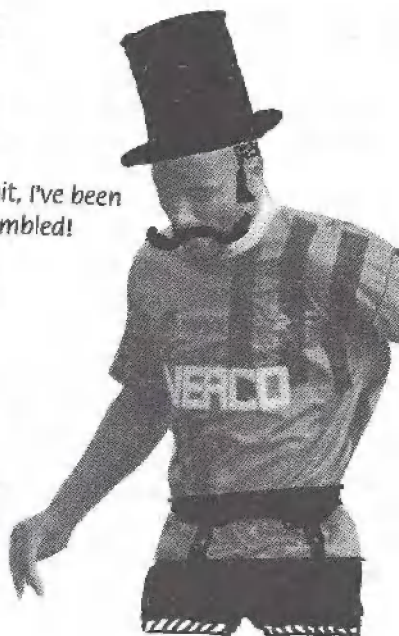
FEATHERS



Buy 2 Or More and
Save
At Least £2.00



Shit, I've been
rumbled!



As you're probably aware (where do you hang out if you're not?) TAF are proud sponsors of Gary Patterson, all round top midfield man, suave Bond-esque figure, and favourite of Bournemouth fans!

We wanted to know the views of young Gareth, but being too shy (like Kajagoogoo) to actually speak to Gaz himself we sent off a little questionnaire in the hope he would return it to us. Guess what? He did, and he can spell too! Read on....



Full name & birthmark details

Gary Patterson / no birthmark

Any embarrassing nicknames, middle names or similar we should know about?

None that I know of, you'd better ask the lads!!

Any academic qualifications?

'O' level in PE. That's it!!

Who first told you to try and make it as a pro footballer, & did you believe them?

I was never told by anyone to try and make it in football. As a kid I played at weekends and progressed from there.

What's the best goal you've ever scored?

When I was about thirteen, I scored one that was like Johnny Metgod's for Forest against West Ham, but mine went in the top corner. Mind you the wall was a bit dodgy!!

Why were you released from your former clubs?

As soon as a certain manager took over at Notts County after the sacking of Neil Warnock, I knew my days were numbered as we never really got on!! As for Shrewsbury they needed the money!

Any idiosyncrasies on matchdays? Lucky fags / lunch / undies?

Not really, if I played well the week before then I try and keep the same routine.

Can you drive and how many goes did you have at passing the test?

Passed first time.

What's your dream car?

Haven't got one!

And a Dream Woman to go in it?

The lead singer of 'The Cardigans'; the bird who played Valerie in 'Beverly Hills 90210'; Yasmin LeBon; the bird out of 'Mission Impossible'; Demi Moore; Jenny McArthey - there's loads more but you've not left enough room.

Any political or religious persuasion?

The Villain



MARTIN O'NEILL

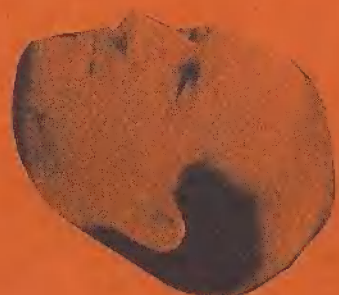
HONOURS

- TWO FA TROPHIES
- BERKS AND BUCKS CUP
- PROMOTION TO FOOTBALL LEAGUE
- 3rd DIV PLAY OFF WINNERS
- JUST MISSING 2nd DIV PLAY OFF
- ALL ROUND GENIUS

ALAN SMITH

HONOURS

- MID TABLE OBSCURITY
- BOTTOM OF THE LEAGUE
- ALL ROUND UNEMPLOYED



No

If you had one day left to live, what would you do with it?

Get absolutely out of my head at a party thrown for me by family & friends!

Most embarrassing record in your collection?

Zig & Zag 'Them Girls'

Last gig or theatrical performance you attended?

'Oasis' at Maine Road

If these four shows clashed one night on TV, and your video was broken, which one would you watch?

Knowing Me, Knowing You - Alan Partridge

Birds of a Feather

Athletico Partick

Red Dwarf

What was the last film you saw at the cinema?

'The Truth About Cats & Dogs', wasn't bad actually!

Can you name all (or any) of the characters in 'Friends'?

Rachael, Monica, Phoebe... I don't pay much attention to the blokes!!

Describe your front room in less than ten words.

Small, pleasant, tidy, welcoming, warm, cosy, colourful.

Best & worst chat up lines you've dared to use?

I have never used them as I am very, very, shy!!

Big Tel's getting a round in at the bar. Which of these tipples might you indulge in?

'Martini Extra Dry' (with an olive on a stick) "Only in the summer"

Pint of 'Boddingtons Gold'

Bottle of 'K' cider

'Hooch/Two Dogs'/any other of those alcopops

A large 'Jim Beam' on the rocks

Pint of 'Holsten Export'

Bottle of draught 'Murphys'

Bottle of 'Bud-Ice'

Tequila slammer? "Only while I'm on holiday"

Best/worst thing about the town of Wycombe (excluding the Football Club)?

Worst: No decent clubs

No decent clothes shops

House prices too high

Best: Plenty of historic places to visit!!

Plenty of Takeaway houses available!!

So there you have it, the mind of Gary Patterson spread out neatly over two pages of TAF (quite horrible if you think about it!) Cheers go to Gary for bothering to fill this in for us, despite not being footy players even we would rather be in the bookies. Just two things though, if you don't have a dream car you can't have the dream woman to go in it OK? And what do you mean there's no decent clothes shops in Wycombe? There's C&A, Littlewoods, G.A. Woods, the clothes section of Woolworths, Wanderers in Town - yes, you've got a point there.

Career Opportunities

"I hate the army and hate the RAF" rasped young Joseph Strummer in the above titled song on the Clash's debut LP. No doubt it was an anarchic call in its day, but little did the young punk realise that he was putting himself out of the running for the Wycombe Wanderers job for ever. After all, such utterances don't make for positive points when it's associate director John Goldsworthy's turn to peruse one's Curriculum Vitae.

By the same token Alan Shit (oops) should have ruled himself out of another football job for ever, after the dismal fare he dealt out at Wycombe. But football doesn't work like that - ladies and gents I give you Mr Alan Ball, Mr Trevor Francis, Mr James Kelman - catch the drift, I think so!

But Franny Lee has found his doormat in Steve Coppel, so unless Slough Town are salivating for the return of Kempy, and Smith fancies doing a Bruce Rioch, there may be the need for a career change. As we now live in the days of 'The Jobseekers Allowance', Alan will only have six months before his benefit is cruelly means-tested, and that Jag isn't going to go down too well with the DSS assessors. Added to the fact that all true Wycombe fans will be falling over themselves to report the popular ex-gaffer to Peter Lilley's otherwise odious Benefit Grass Line, TAF has come up with some independent careers advice for the self crowned 'Lovely Man' of football.

The world of Politics

As ex-skipper Terry Howard has already suggested, Alan could be a top politician, with his outstanding ability to evade even the most simple question. Anyone who doubts this only has to think back to his supporters forum at the Trades and Social, when constant questions about quartered shirts were replied with comments concerning the quality of the materials lining. Alan showed his true mastery in the art of communication on London Tonight, on arriving at college in London the next day I encountered various tear stained individuals wailing, 'But he's so nice, how could you people be so nasty to him'. They saw him as Mother Theresa, we saw him as Michael Portillo without hair. Sadly all the communication skills in the world can't get round 4 points in 9 games and attendances of 3,500.

However it goes without saying that Alan would need to find a London seat to contest, as people from outside the capital clearly cannot relate to his metropolitan suavity.

The world of Insurance

Another area Alan may wish to try his luck is in the world of insurance. Companies are bound to be impressed by his skills of appearing trustworthy whilst not having a clue what he's doing. However Alan could really come into his own dealing with phone claims. Companies will be aware that Alan finds it impossible to admit to anything being his fault, if he can transfer this skill to cover the firm he works for, they may never have to pay out on a

claim, resulting in big profits.

Picture the scene.....

A Branch of Lloyds Bank

Hello Mr Smith, I'm phoning to inform your organisation that we were robbed last night. All the doors were correctly locked and the alarms worked, but the thieves still escaped from the police.

Alan Smith

So what do you want me to do about it

A Branch of Lloyds Bank

Well can I make a claim

Alan Smith

Of course not, who on earth would think a bank was a safe place to keep money. As I'm sure I've told you before - all criminals know that money is kept at banks, that's why I told you to store it in a copper trunk attached to the Thames flood barrier. You clearly cannot take on board simple common sense instructions. Goodbye.

The world of Traffic Warden's

What sort of individual would want to be one of these. Hated by nearly all motorists, and many pedestrians, who realise that these people are amongst the most petty minded, authoritarian pillocks on the planet (along with most Stewards!). We believe that Alan is ideally suited to this job. Why? Compare these lists....

Unpopular things Alan did

Released Paul Hyde, Terry Howard & Simon Garner

Slagged off Martin O'Neill

Had a big say in getting us clad in yukky kits

Made us watch useless long ball football

Reduced us from a proud team to a shambling relegation wreck

Bought Brian McGorry / Never sold Brian McGorry

Paid David Kemp wages

Popular things Alan did

Er, does getting sacked count for this list

So there you have it, a man who is desperate to be reviled, hence a man desperate to be a Traffic Warden! So where does the pettiness come into it?

Taking Terry Evans off at Peterborough when everyone was crap - Alan Smith's own little spin on a well known story involving Gary Lineker, Graham Taylor & the other Alan Smith!

The world of Vaudeville theatre

Here is surely where both Smith and Kemp should find work in plentiful supply. Forming a double act, their experiences in football should provide the inspiration for a varied and side splitting set....

Smith: Good evening ladies and gents

Kemp: I say Alan, how do you get out of the second division?

Smith: I don't know David, how do you get out of the second division?

Kemp: I don't know, I thought you did

Smith: Well I don't - still we got bloody well paid for it

Kemp: Boom Boom!

Smith: Anyway moving on, I think David's got a little song for us on his banjo

Kemp: I certainly have Alan, and it's called "Why we're such great pal's". OK here we go ladies and gents (Hoe down style)

'I was up at Slough Town and you were down at Palace,
And when we got together there wasn't any malice,
We got the call from Wycombe and came down very fast
But deep inside I think we knew the job would never last'

Backing singers: (Swoonsome style)

'Oh why do you say that Kempy, the fans thought you were it
It was only after 15 months they realised you were....

Kemp: Oh pardon Madame!

Audience: Ha Ha ha

Kemp: (slowly) We sold their favourite players when they were rude to us,
And when we signed up Mark Foran the fans made such a fuss,
They booed us all the season, and oh they did complain,
And all because we only knew how to play the long ball game!
Thank you very much

Smith: What do you mean 'only knew the long ball game' You know full well
I employ tactics far in advance of all modern coaching

Kemp: Boom Boom!

Smith: No I do, honest, my tactics are famed throughout the land for their
progressive nature

Kemp: I thank you!

Audience: Ho Ho Ho Ho Ha Ha

Smith: Stop laughing, you must take me seriously

Kemp: Ladies and gents Alan's on form tonight is he not?

Audience: Oh yes, get him on the Royal Variety show, he's the new Joe
Pasquale. What a fantastic act indeed.

20 CRENDON STREET,
HIGH WYCOMBE
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
HP13 6LS

Telephone:
0494 437228



**DRAUGHT REAL ALES
SELECTION OF OVER 200 WINES**

Mon-Sat 10 to 10 Sun 12 to 2 and 7 to 10

STAND TO SIT

With so much going on off the pitch at the beginning of this already monumental season some things have almost seemed overlooked. With Alan Smiths' poor record this term, the papers have carried the sad side of the club in recent times and not enough has been said or written about the new stand. Yes we know the opening of the various areas made the news, but has anyone written or commented on just how good it actually is. This should really be a well written piece on the pros and cons of the stand and why or why not you should a) use it and b) be proud of it. Unfortunately I am already so impressed with Wycombe's best purchase I can't be impartial as I absolutely love it. The first time I used it I could have been forgiven for thinking I was at some swanky Italian club as I climbed the stairs to get to the walkway. This may seem a little over the top but who cares, it's my piece and it's for our fanzine. The bars are a welcome sign that a normal fan can enjoy a pint at the ground prior to a kick off and they don't have to be a member of the Vere Suite. The prices are fair although a few extra hands could be used to pull the liquor. Football burgers have always been unique and the new stand's are no exception. They range from good to poor so buy at least three and you should get lucky. I'm yet to see the big screens I believe we were promised but half time entertainment is provided by queuing for the toilets. I suppose you have to blame the beer for that. Once up in your seat you have a perfect view of the pitch. We all know how good Jim Gardeners pitch is but from high up it adds another dimension. You're given enough leg room to be reasonably comfortable and you may be lucky enough to be in the cult 'Gold Seat' Club, how special. The noise has at times been excellent, compared to the old Woodlands terrace I guess there is more room for echo although it hasn't been that empty yet. The crowds do appear to me to be at a steady rate and I think that with an encouraging few results the stand will look an impressive sight with more seats taken. The prices are fair and for an extra 50p you can have a good view and save your legs. It may seem that the club have paid me to write such a pleasant piece but I just believe the good this club has to offer should also be written about. For you hardened Vally enders I respect your choice of view but it's really worth a go.

Blues down the ages

At a recent home game I overheard two "fair-weather" discussing the few merits of the Wanderers squad. One of the stiffs pronounced "well old Evans is a great captain but he's in his mid thirties you know? And Carroll won't last much longer in the top flight, he's about 34 too." I couldn't be bothered to challenge either of them, so clueless were they, but it got me thinking about footballers and age, surely one of the biggest taboo subjects in the game. A lot of myth surrounds a footballers age. Myth that suggests that a player over 30 is well respected but a little over the hill and about to drop into non-league; a player around 28 has matured into his prime; a player in his mid twenties is finally beginning to learn his trade and show his true potential; whereas a lad under 24 needs experience and respect for his elder pro's.

It's all really a load of old bull wheeled out by armchair pundits and commentators who use age as an excuse for cheap gags to spice up their discussions/commentaries. Who can forget classics such as "If you chop Cyrille Regis in half you'll spend all day counting the rings", or "Regis and Garner - add their ages together and they'll be drawing a pension". Ho,ho.

No what it comes down to is that individual's physique, stamina, skill etc. Do you think that a 30 year old Brown is coming towards the end of his career when the boy is clearly as fit as the proverbial fiddle. And of course we all knew that despite Smith's constant hounding of Garner, that he too would happily run his arse off for the best part of 90 minutes. Regardless of booze and fags the man was still a bloody good footballer. Anyhow enough of me, look for yourself at the following list of the Wanderers squad with respective ages. I can see Motson listing them in the following categories

Respected pro's: Motty says, "Yes these lads know the game inside out. Between them they've played at a variety of levels. And did you know that Terry Evans is one of the tallest men in the football league - a veritable man mountain."

Terry Evans -	31 years of age
Brian Parkin -	31
Steve Brown -	30
Dave Carroll -	30

The prime of life: Motty says, "These lads are the heart and soul of the club. In the prime of their footballing career, they combine a healthy physique with experience and enthusiasm. And did you know that John Williams was once the fastest man in football?"

Matt Crossley -	28
John Williams -	28
Steve McGavin -	27
Miguel Desouza -	26

The mid-twenties brigade: Motty says, "Yes I'm a keen fan of these players, young lads who've done the apprentice bit, they've learnt their trade and have progressed into established players in their own right. And did you know that the lad McCarthy was actually an Eire under-21 international. I'd imagine his namesake Mick will be keeping close tabs on him if Wycombe start to climb the leagues."

Jason Cousins - 26

Paul McCarthy - 25

Dave Farrell - 24

Micky Bell - 24

The youngsters: Motty says, "Yes well although some of these lads are more experienced than others, they all need encouragement and support from the senior pro's if they are to reach the top of the game. Of course for young Markman and Clarke this point in their careers could be make or break. I mean in two years time they could be the next Robbie Fowler or the next Alec Norman. And did you know that the boy Lawrence was playing for lowly non-leaguers Grays Athletic only a year ago? Marvellous."

Gary Patterson - 23

Matt Lawrence - 22

Tel Skiverton - 21

Tony Clarke - 19

Damo Markman - 18

So as you can see, pundits and future managers, we have a well balanced squad here at Wycombe Wanderers. Surely put alongside our legendary "great set-up" we have the right blend of youth and experience to help win a championship, but then again we all thought that last year as well.

SCORPION RECORDS SCORPION RECORDS SCORPION RECORDS SCORPION RECORDS



**SCORPION
RECORDS
110 OXFORD ROAD
HIGH WYCOMBE
Tel: 436619**

**New &
Second Hand**

LP's CDs & TAPES

Many Bargains

plus

**T-Shirts ● Badges
Posters ● Postcards**

SCORPION RECORDS SCORPION RECORDS SCORPION RECORDS SCORPION RECORDS

"DEAR IVOR..."

Not since the "Dear Ivor..." forum for expressing fans' views was opened up in TAF a couple of years ago, have we received such phalanxes of post as this time round, all having a good old gripe about all things light and dark blue (with red piping of course), but - hey - you people know the score - NOTHING will be printed in these mortal pages unless it's accompanied by a constructive solution to the problem.

For instance, letters saying: "Sack the manager, he's crap!", are viewed as a cheap attack at somebody about whose job you probably know very little, whereas: "Sack the manager, he's crap - why don't you get Glenn Hoddle in?" shows that you have analysed the problem yourself (to the very best of your ability), and have come forward with a valid proposal to solve the wee conundrum. Get the picture? Write in, or e-mail to the usual addresses (see inside front cover for details), and when Ivor takes up your suggestion, you can say "I thought of it first - where's the royalty cheque, Mr.B?"

The cream of this month's bottle of gold-top are as follows:

Dear Ivor

The team's performances this term have been so pitiful, that I really must suggest you get somebody else in to guide the good ship WWFC to safer waters. Somebody who understands how players work best, has a successful track record in the game, has good contacts outside the club, and who is prepared to play the ball *on* the luxurious carpet of a pitch at Adams Park. For the sake of the club, this must be done. Cheers, Ivor.

Mr D.Kemp
SLOUGH

(An example of a supporter's letter which appears to have had some effect! Well done, Mr.Kemp, a small donation may be forthcoming from the Club if you write to them nicely - Ed.)

Dear Ivor

Having hastily assembled a new stand during the close season, perhaps I could suggest a way of generating some extra cash, as well as relieving the visibly stressful existence that punters in blocks R, S & T appear to be suffering? The problem generates from the unco-ordinated rabble of buskers who seem to make their way in to Adams Park each week, probably without paying, fill up prime seating space with their bulky instruments, and annoy the hell out of anybody within earshot of this racket. Might I suggest that they be charged double in future? This might deter similar travelling gypsy combos of no fixed abode from roaming around the more wealthy clubs in the country, polluting the surrounding atmosphere, whilst

attempting to extort cash from tax-paying folk like you and I. At least I assume that's what they're doing. Knew you'd listen, Ivor.

Mr P.Cinque-Wyatt
Vice Chairman
Noise Abatement Society (High Wycombe branch)

Dear Ivor,

Impressive though your hefty new stand on the woodlands side of Adams Park may be, it is playing havoc with the local ornithological population. Local bird-fanciers have already reported two 'close misses' ending in near calamity and potential loss of life for the creatures concerned, and last week in particularly poor visibility, a Madagascan puffin mistook the side of the stand for a cliff-face, and in attempting to construct a nest, slipped on the blatantly non-gritted surface and injured a wing in the process. I am disgusted that nothing has been done to warn the regional airborne community of this not insubstantial erection (although I'm sure Booker airport were fully briefed!!), and shall be writing to local MP and life-long Wycombe fan (*Yes, he's here every week, folks, see if you can spot him.... - Ed.*) Ray Witney to see what can be done.

In the meantime, might I suggest that the stand be painted bright orange, to warn our feathered friends of the perils that this monstrosity poses, and in addition, you should coat all outer facing sides of the stand with sandpaper, and insert small claw-sized holes at periodic intervals to help our beautiful 'friends of the air' should they need to land in a hurry. I expect prompt action on this matter!

Mrs Lynette Finch
RSPB

(Rest assured, Mrs Finch, your plea will receive top priority now it has been published in "Dear Ivor..." - Ed.)

Dear Ivor,

There appears to be something of a problem in the goalkeeping department at the club. Whilst the current incumbent, pub-team look-a-like Brian Parkin, is undoubtedly a fine shot-stopper, I can't help feeling that if he improved the other half of the keeper's repertoire, namely catching/cutting out crosses, then he'd become a more rounded professional.

I therefore propose two solutions to this problem-ette. Firstly, get young Brian out onto the training ground and have him practise catching a football. This can be easily achieved by cupping the hands together, with thumbs touching, such that the ball stays in the gloves after contact - he might find it difficult to change his ways after so long in the game, but as the bishop said to the netball team, "You're never too

old to learn a new trick or two". My second suggestion involves burying the oft-wielded (under the last manager anyway) hatchet, and asking back that excellent goalie you got rid of last year to provide a bit of competition for the No.1 shirt - I'm sure he's not up to much at the moment. Do I win a fiver for this letter? I'd better, otherwise I'm off and I'll never watch the team again!!!!!!

Paula Hide
WEST LONDON

(N.B. The name and sex of the above writer have been changed to protect all those concerned)

Where were you hiding? ...(when the Smith walked)

Do you remember what you were doing on the day that John F. Kennedy was shot? Well, not if you're our age you don't - but fear not, all who are alive today should be able to remember what they were up to the day Smith & Kemp walked the plank at Wycombe. In commemoration of the event, TAF writers share their memories of that day. If you have any stories to impart on the subject, restrict them to 250 words and send them in to the usual address

I work in a large office. I'd just been to the little boys room. I came back into the office and everyone was standing around chatting with wild grins on their faces. I tried to work out what was going on. Had we all been given the rest of the year off or had our salaries trebled. The truth was far greater than that. "Alan Smith's just been sacked" he told with me a glum face. He was the only gutted person in the office.. That was because "he" is a Luton fan and knew Smith's departure meant we would surely climb the table above his sorry lot.

I decided to reserve judgement on Smith at the end of last season. I'm glad he has gone. He had many footballing ideas as hairs on his head. I think he was lucky with Palace. When they won the First division they had kept all their players from the previous season and Chris Armstrong was scoring goals for fun. If they had started that season I'm not sure Smith would have had the ability to sort it out. I don't think he knew how he wanted his team to play. I'm sure he told his full backs not to go ahead of the wingers and he seemed to be a very petty man. I'm sure the club will make the right decision. My personal choice is Cyrille Regis. He may not have proved himself as a manager yet but neither had Martin O'Neill and you have got to start somewhere.

Monday 30th September: Driving home from my first morning back at college after my annual "lazy student bastard" break, I noticed it was 12:30PM and that the comprehensive half-hourly "News and Sport" on Radio 5 would be commencing (no Lisa l'Anson in this car mate). Strangely enough I had minutes earlier been pondering the future of WWFC after the diabolical Peterborough effort. I hoped that Smith wouldn't be around to see us beat Rotherham on the Tuesday as he'd probably claim that everything was all right again. Strangely enough I didn't have a personal vendetta against Smith. I once interviewed him for the fanzine and found him very friendly and approachable. After the sacking he was quoted as saying that fans were against him from day one. This was simply not true - but he chose to believe it and promptly dug his own grave. Because of the few times I spoke to him I didn't find myself calling him a w**ker at Peterborough, but I did call for him to go. The foul diet of football being served up week after week was becoming sickening to the palate. What's more the whole mood around the club sucked. Players looked like they couldn't be arsed, directors and officials backstabbed and supporters just looked on at the whole sorry mess. The zeitgeist had long been constructed and it was one of depression.

Anyhow coming back to Radio 5, I heard the news that Smith and his villainous sidekick Kamp had been "released from the club". I was overcome with joy and promptly phoned two of my fellow contributors. On returning home I pondered on the future management. Cool Cyrille, Governor Garns, Mad Melvin, Smiley Smilie....the permutations were endless. However I concluded that if all the supporters, players and officials pull rank behind the new man then maybe the football will improve, the spirit of the club will rise, the gates will increase and Wycombe will become a force once again. Nice dream, eh?

J.D

So I have to write a little on where I was and what I was doing when I heard of the 'not before time' departure of Alan Smith. This is not going to be the hardest piece to come up with as the joyful occasion is still as fresh as a member of the Spice Girls. I had been up to the game against Peterborough on the Saturday and was absolutely convinced that Mr Smith should leave ASAP. But the following two days I was more preoccupied with a good friend and ex member of TAF waiting for the arrival of his first born. This came to an end when at 3.45am on Sunday morning I received a call to tell me mother, father and baby boy were all well. Monday was a day of constant phone calls relaying the good news around friends. The time had passed by and at six thirty Monday evening I had totally managed to miss all TV and radio reports of Smiths' dismissal. Picking up the ringing phone I heard the voice of another TAF scribe asking me had I heard the news. Yes I replied, It's a baby boy, "not that" was the answer "about Smith, he's had the boot". At this point angels appeared, singing in total harmony, "It's been on the news". Well what a special weekend that turned out to be. As the years roll on and young Elliott (we still don't know which way to spell it) celebrates his birthday the TAF crew will raise a glass "to the young lad" we will exclaim, "and to Ivors' smartest move".

OK so I'll get the shameful bit out of the way first - I heard Alan Smith had been sacked thanks to a message on my mobile phone. It was my first day back at college and after a morning of signing up for this, that, and the other, I wandered around to a mates house in Tottenham High Road for a few 'Welcome Back' ales and the like.

Just as I passed the supposedly suave, but somewhat mouldy ground of Tottenham Hotspur, I switched the phone on and soon after the signal sounded that messages had been left.

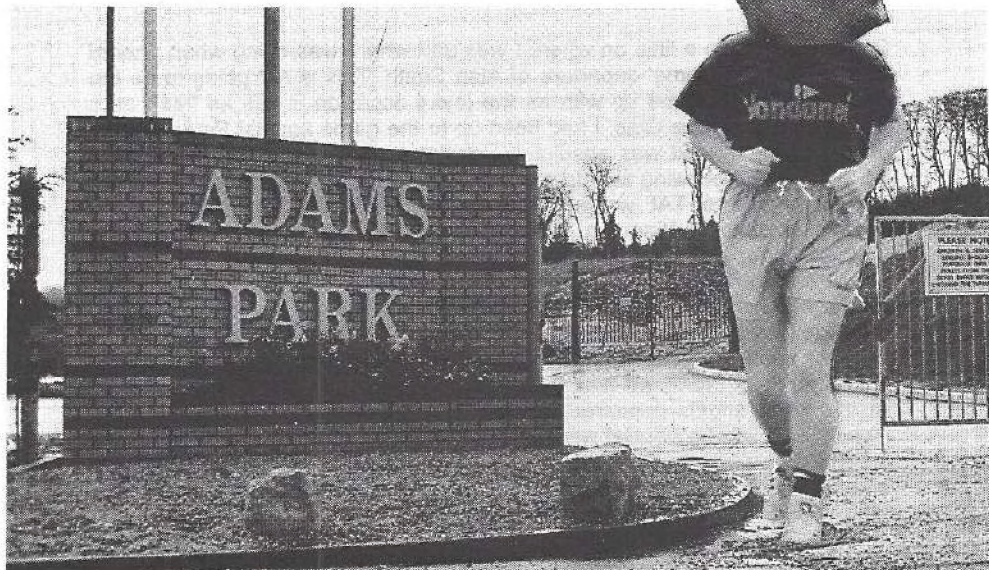
'You have three new messages' said the sexy Mercury woman. 'Blimey' I thought, 'Something's happened'. Scary thoughts of someone being injured seriously crossed my mind before I heard, 'Hello mate, thought you'd like to hear that Smith and Kemp have gone.'

The other two said much the same, and so the afternoon was set for celebrations galore. Obviously my colleagues were not quite as thrilled as I was, but I could tell they were thrilled for me. What's more, two of them come from Colchester - but they hate the team and McDonough so they're all right by me!

After being so low after the 6-3 reverse the previous Saturday, Ivor and the board saved me from a full weeks depression - cheers lads you made the right move at the right time

A.D.

"Hello chaps, just one last jog in the countryside before returning to the sophisticated life of London... By the way, do you speak English out here?"



If there's one good thing about the indomitable advance of technology and the role it has on our lives, then it's surely allowing you to work at home. The car had packed up on Sunday, it had gone to the garage on late Monday morning, and so rather than spend money on a hire car to get to work (40 miles away for me), I decided to plug in the modem and dial in remotely.

A TAF colleague called me around lunchtime to break the good news we had all been hoping for, but for me at least, could hardly have expected so early on in the season. King Ivor had clearly decided to cut his losses, and give a new man the task of pushing the Wanderers to the right end of the table, something we've not seen for quite some time.

After the initial euphoria of Smiffy's departure (as well as his non-entity of a sidekick, David Kemp) had died down a bit, the media trawl set in - Ceefax was first, but could only include the news as part of its round-up section. ITV did a little better, giving it second billing behind injury worries to the England squad - "Smith Ousted From Adams Family" was the amusing headline on P.142 of Teletext, which certainly brought a wry smile to my face - cheeky bugger never wrote a solitary article for us! For the first time in living history, I listened to the whole of Ringing The Blues, pitying the whinging of Kemp in particular, then hooked up to the excellent "Chairboys On The Net", for further details on the ex-Gaffer's 15 month reign of woe.

The day was summed up for me by Bob Officer in the BFP as one of "immense relief" - too damn right! Now bring on the *real* managers.....

DC



A lovely couple for the job?

Doctor Willie Proctor

Lovers, after a year and a half of feeling (ooh) like the lady in waiting, those hunky chaps at The Adams Family have given me the kiss of life (sadly only metaphorically), and restored me to the greatest organ of them all, TAF! Well as you know, shortly after I was 'disappeared' by TAF (Amnesty are looking into it now, I was

used as a political pawn - young Hydey would never have told if it hadn't been for M15), you also lost your lovely Irish lucky charm Martin. Despite the fact that I've been keeping a low profile, I can assure readers that I've still been able to asses Martin's performance wherever he has been! Despite the fact that he was cruel to young Bonnie and that saucy squaddie Thommo I still have a soft spot for Martin!

So what about Alan Smith then, yes well I knew he was a bad egg right from his Palace days. Young Stevie Coppell always enjoyed me hanging around attending to the players injuries! I never missed a training session as Steve picked me up every morning! However Alan never had any time for me, and told me to stay away from his young charges (jealousy I call it). I was mortified, good physiotherapy and massage is essential for the young player, as I'm sure that strapping Neil Smillie knows (I must give him a bell, I think David Farrell has his number but he's still in bed)!

So yes there's no love lost between myself and Alan and I'm glad that his exit from Wycombe may see my rehabilitation **(Not if I have anything to do with it -ed)** into the community I love.

So as I await the entry of the new manager and try to assess whether or not he will be receptive to my 'hands on' methods (I know big Cyrille is) let me hope that there will soon be some mail in my sack! If any of you supporters have sporting injuries that need attending to, feel free to drop round to my cosy surgery - adverts in the 'personal services' section of the BFP will tell you where it is. Second thoughts, phone first and let me know - young David doesn't like un-invited guests!

Be good till the next time playmates....



William Proctor esq.